Two swallows don't make a summer, but two drunks often make a fall .-

A man would do pretty poor fishing if he used a book-worm for bait.—
Binghamton Republican.

A meerschaum mine has been discovered in Florida. They will soon begin to lay pipes from it.—Boston Mrs. Dix—"Why does your husband call you his 'good resolution'?" Mrs. Hicks—"He says I am always 'broke."

-Munsey's Weekly. New Clerk—"Are you a customer of ours, sir?" The Other—"Well, I should say so. Why, I owe you over \$200."—
Clothier and Furnisher.

"I suppose it's all profit in the drug business?" "All profit? Do you sup-pose we get fixtures and showcases for nothing?"—Philadelphia Times.

Kickshaw - "I can't understand Glim's chronic bachelorhood." Mrs. Kickshaw—"Neither do I. He surely can't have inherited it."-Epoch. "Please don't talk to me. I'm sav-

ing my voice for the opera." "Why, are you to sing?" "No. I'm to be in one of the boxes."—Harper's Bazar. One of the most amusing and harmless of distractions that man is heir to is the fancying what he would do if he were somebody else.—St. Joseph News. George-"Chapley is one of those fellows who have more money than brains, isn't he?" Jessie—"Yes; and he is not rich, either."—Harper's Ba-

No matter how slight a citizen's im-portance may be, he feels when he gets into a street-car filled with ladies he is a man of standing .- Washington

"Every second you call to the waitress, 'Another glass of beer!"
"Well, what else can I say to such a stupid-looking woman?" — Fliegende Blatter.

Brown—"Are you sure this is good sticking mucilage?" Stationer—"You bet!" Brown—"Ever use it?" Stationer-"No; but a bottle once broke in my pocket."-Harper's Bazar.

Goldbags (looking out at the tenements)—"Alas! It must be very hard to be poor." Wentman—"On the contrary it's confoundedly easy to be poor."-American Grocer

Florence—"The idea of saying you were only 23!" Bessie—"You forgot mamma told us that it was always better to underrate than to exaggerate, my dear."-American Grocer.

Foreign Visitor—"Does it cost much to live in New York?" Host—"No, sir, it doesn't cost much to live in this city, but it costs like Sam Hill to keep up appearances."—N. Y. Weekly.

"American husbands," observed the foreign visitor, "suffer under the rule of contraries." "The what?" chorused a half-dozen victims. "The rule of their wives."-Milwaukee Sentinel. When a woman falls in love you

can't make her believe all men are alike, and when she has been married ten years you can't make her believe that they are not .- Alchison Globe. "Johnnie - "What is an egotist,

papa?" Papa—"It is a person, my son, who tells you about himself those things which you want to tell him about yourself."—Washington Star. Pedagogue—"Can you give a sent-ence illustrating the difference be-tween mind and matter?" Tommie—

soon they's suthin' th' matter!"—N. Y. Herald. Herr Deutcher - "Waiter! Champagne und glasses!" Waiter! Cham-sirP" Herr Deutsher "Dry,

Herr Deutcher-"Nein! Zwei, you blag rascal! You needu't t'ink you in it vas! Donnerwetter!"—Yale Mrs. Bellows (to daughter Cora)---Why did you throw kisses at Mr.

Jimpson across the aisle at church to-day?" Cora (complacently) — "I wasn't near enough to reach him."— Chappie-"What! Don't you remem-ber Cholly? It was he who had the

beautiful dog down at the hotel last summer." Maud—"Ah! I remember What became of the dog?" She-"I know he isn't a pedigreed

dog, but no tramp or beggar can come near the house without his letting us know it." He—"What does he do? Bark?" She-"No; he crawls under the sofa."—Brooklyn Life.

Russet shoes and the killing sash will not be fashionable next summer, but the dude need not be cast down. Some man milliner will invent a new way of distinguishing the dude from the male. capolis Tribune.

City Parson-"I have been appointed missionary to the heathen and-Chorus of Parishioners-"You are not poing to leave us, are you?" City Parson—"No; they told me to stay just tell me which!"—Detroit Free Press. where I was."—N. Y. Herald. "I would be willing to give half my

fortune to know I was truly loved, said the heiress. "You would? Why I'll love you with the wildest enthu-siasm for only a third of it," answered Mudge. - Indianapolis Journal. Wickwire- 'Mudge, it is a shame for wearing eyeglasses and said: you to be letting your days slip by as

you do. Time is money, you know." Mudge-"It isn't much money when it takes three months to amount to a quarter."—Indianapolis Journal. "Go away. You are drunk," said the citizen to the beggar. "I ain't nothin' of the kind," was the wrathful mash you!" shouted the short man.

Landlord (suspiciously)-"You are an actor, you say. What is your role?"
Boothby Ham—"I am playing the heavy, sir. Perhaps you took me for a supe?" Landlord—"No; from the size

of your wardrobe I fancied you might be doing Cleopatra."-Judge.

Algernon (on the steamer, saying good-by to Ethel, in whose eyes he imagines he sees prospective tears)—
"Now, keep up, little girl, keep up."
Ethel—"Keep up? Now tell me, do you think there is really any danger of our going down?"—Boston Courier.

"Why, O, why do all men join in the mad rush for gold?" shrieked a female lecturer who had accumulated a great "I desire to thank you for your conmany years but no family. "Because," yelled some one in the back part of the house, "they have to do it to keep the women in clothes."—Milwaukee Sen-

Wickles—"Well, I've left old Boun-cer." Ticks—"Indeed?" Wickles— "Yes, I couldn't work for him any longer. I found out he was an incen-diary." Ticks-"An incendiary! That's I found out he was an incena very grave charge." Wickles—"I know it, but I can prove it." Ticks— "How?" Wickles—"He has just fired

me."-Boston Courier. New Yorker — "Hello, Broadbrim! Buying a copy of Ward McAllister's book, I see." Rich Philadelphian— "Yes; I am going to seal it in the corner-stone of a new building I intend to erect. It will be found there by our descendants a couple of hundred years from now." "But what's your object?" "I hate New York."—N. Y. Weekly.

"Do you believe in starting a third arty?" asked old Dimmick of his daughter's beau, as all three sat in the and she were at daggers' points. I parlor. "Well," replied the young know she talked shamefully about man, who had not called to discuss you. politics, "I wouldn't have thought of asking you to retire; but since you mention it, Mr. Dimmick, I will say that I have forgiven her everything. that it is the general belief that two Texas Siftings. are company."—Harper's Bazar.

IN THE CUMBERLAND RANGE. A Traveler Falls in With Moonshiners

As I was to take a short cut over a spur of the Cumberland mountains in northern Tennessee, I hired a colored boy about 15 years of age to go a part of the distance with me. He had a solemn, serious look, and I soon discovered that he was a philosopher. I had been told that there were moonshiners in the Cumberlands, and that the chances were I would be stopped and sharply investigated. When ready to part from the youth, I asked:
"Do you think I'll meet any moon shiners?"

"Dat depends, sah."
"On what?" "On whedder somebody hidin' behind de bresh or rocks doan' pop you ober befo' you kin meet. If he'un's

gun hangs fiah yo'un will probably It was a hot day in July, but I asked him if he thought the weather would hold, and he looked at the sky and re-

"Doan' want to say, sah. If it should hold you'n wouldn't give me no credit; and if it should snow you'n would cuss me all day. Good day, sah. Keep to de right arter you cross de branch. If dat doan' bring you out, den cum back an' keep to de left." I had gone about a mile when the trail branched, and, after debating the case, I took the right hand again and went forward, with the comfortable feeling that I had half of a big state at my personal disposal to get lost in. The path suddenly ended, and about that time a mountaineer stepped from a thicket on my left and confronted

me and inquired: "Whar' from, stranger?" I told him.

"What you'n doin' hyar?" "Traveling."
"Look hyar!" he said, as he came nearer, "You's kin either prove up or ve can't. "That's so."

"You's either all right or you's cum "Well?"

"Kin ye prove up?" "I'll try."
"Then walk along."

He walked beside me, or behind me, through thickets and over rough ground to a shanty just at the mouth of a ravine. There was a man, a of a ravine. There was a man, a man, a woman and a boy of 12 there, and my nose detected the odor of a still. The three people mentioned stood at the door as we came up, and the man queried of my conductor:

"Who's he'un?" "Gwine ter prove up."
I sat down on a rock, and, leaving the boy to watch me, the other three withdrew a few yards and held a con-sultation. This lasted about five minutes, and when they returned the man who had captured me said:

"We'uns is agreed on it. You's either revenue or not. You's kin prove up or ye can't." "Can any of you read?" I asked. "We kin or we can't," replied the

voman, who was smoking plug tobacco in a clay pipe.
"Well, perhaps you've heard of—at Monroe?" "We mought or we moughtu't," re-

plied the husband of the woman. "Well, here's a line from him. If you are moonshiners you have sold him whiskey and know him to be all right. Here's my card, here are let-ters addressed to me at Monroe, and you can overhaul my knapsack.' They couldn't read a line of writing, and put up a job to catch me. After

consulting together a bit the woman "What did you say he'un was-George or William?" "Neither one; it's Henry."

"And does he'un live in a single or double log house?" "In a frame house." "Which eye is he'un blind in?" "Neither one. Come now, he's a big, fleshy man, wears long whiskers, is bald on top the head, and has a front tooth out. His wife is a little

cross-eyed woman, and has two chil-That settled it, and I was at once given a bite to eat and told to make myself at home. I had some tobacco for the man and pins and needles for the woman, and the present of a harmonican set the boy wild with delight.
"Sposin you'n had shot he'un down
thar!" suggested the woman to my

'Then he'un would hev bin dead, of co'se," he calmly replied. By and by the men went up to attend the still, and the woman unrolled

the paper of pins to the last row, opened the paper of needles, and, placing the two spools of thread beside them, she called to the boy: "Danny, cum hy'ar."

"Look in my eyes." "Yaas." "Is I flighty?"

"Skeercely, ma'am."
"Well, I'ze either flighty or the richest woman on these yere mountain',

There were ten of us who rode from the depot to the hotel in Charleston in the same 'buss, and as we entered the office a short, thick-set, and determinedlooking man collared a young man "I'll thank you to return my wal-

"Certainly, sir, certainly. Let us conduct ourselves as becomes gentle-

reply. "D' you suppose I'd be out a-workin' on sich a cold day as this if I was good an' drunk?"—Indianapolis forget that you are a gentleman no matter what the circumstance." "Where is my wallet?"
"Here, sir, and I have great pleasure in returning it. I am sorry that we have had any misunderstanding.

An officer was sent for, and while waiting his appearance the young man said to the crowd: "I never have any trouble with a gentleman, never. I am obliged to all of you for the courtesies which you have extended. Let us part as gen- fruit trees.

tlemen should." The officer soon arrived and walked him away to the station, but that even-ing about 9 o'clock, as I was walking

"I desire to thank you for your consideration in that affair. You treated me as a gentleman, sir, and I shall not

"But I thought you —you—"
"Oh, yes. I was locked up tight enough, but the officers at the station were no gentlemen, sir, no gentlemen, and they treated me in such a manner that I felt compelled to bid them good-night. I will not say au revoir." I went up to the police station to inquire about it, and the sergeant in charge replied: "What! That genteel fellow with eyeglasses! Oh, he's in there,"

But you had better look. He entered the corridor and looked into the cell. It was empty. The "gentleman" had sawed one of the window bars off and gone out by way of the alley. -N. Y. Sun.

Woman, Woman, Lovely Woman Esmerelda Longcoffin-I saw you kiss Miss Elderly yesterday when you met her on the street. I thought you

Birdie McHenepin-I know it, too,

German workmen are the worst paid each of whom is 6 feet 3 inches in



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ple as he is since he moved in his NEW STORE

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Has just arrived, and WE CAN SAVE YOU MONEY on every pair of Shoes you buy, if you deal with us. If you don't believe it, CALL AND BE CONVINCED. FRANK MOTYE.

HIS FATHER'S OLD FRIEND. An Introduction That Brought a Thought-

less Youth to His Senses. 'The old gentleman played a queer trick on me the other night," he said, as he lit his cigar after dinner. "It was rather awkward for me at first, but I guess it was a good thing after

You know I used to feel that I had done myself an injustice if I did not go to the theater about five or six times a week. Maybe it wasn't always the theater, but if it wasn't that it was a stag party or a poker game. I needn't explain; you've been with me fre-

"Well, you also know how I'm fixed in the line of business. I work for my father, and I have to be at the office at 8:30 in the morning—just as the rest of the family are sitting down to break-fast. In consequence I get my break-fast and leave the house before they are up. But I can't complain of that. I'm doing exactly what the man who had my place before me did, and between you and me I think I'm drawng more salary than he did.

"But that's neither here nor there. It's the evenings. I used to finish work about 6, get dinner down-town, and go to the theater or somewhere else. Been doing it for about six months, and I swear when I figure back about the only times that I have seen my mother and sister have been at Sunday dinners. Nothing unusual in that, of course; the same thing is true of hundreds of young men in

"But they haven't fathers like mine He came to me one afternoon last week and asked me if I had an engagement for that night.
"Yes,' I said; 'I've promised to go
to the theatre with Will Brown.' "How about to-morrow night,' he

"Haven't figured ahead that far,' I replied.
"Well, I'd like to have you go some

where with me.'
"All right,' I said; 'where'll I meet "You see, he leaves the office about an hour before I get through.

"He suggested the Tremont House at 7:30, and I was there, prepared for the theatre and a quiet lecture on late hours. He had combined the two on several previous occasions. But when he appeared he said he wanted me to

call on a lady with him. "One I knew quite well when I was young man,' he explained.
"We went out and started straight "She is stopping at the house,' he

said, when I spoke of it.
"I thought it strange that he should have made an appointment for the Tremont House under those circum-stances, but I said nothing. "Well, we went in and I was introduced with all due formality to my mother and my sister.

"The situation struck me as ludi-

crous and I started to laugh, but the laugh died away. None of the three even smiled. My mother and my sister shook hands with me and my mother said she remembered me as a boy, but hadn't seen much of me late-Then she invited me to be seated. "My, it wasn't a bit funny then, although I can laugh over it now. I sat down and she told one or two anecdotes of my boyhood, at which we all HONEST PEOPLE......Seeking ....... HONEST GOODS tired I was courteously invited to call again. I went up-stairs feeling pretty small and doing a good deal of think-

ing."
"And then," asked his companion. "Then I made up my mind that my mother was a most entertaining lady and my sister a good and brilliant girl.

"And now?"

"Now I'm going to call again, as I have been doing quite regularly for the last week. I enjoy their company and propose to cultivate their acquaint-And the young man—he was only about 22—put on his coat and started for his car.—Chicago Tribune.

"Are You a Nibilist?" A traveler describes an interesting experience in Russia of a young Ameri-

can girl who was anxious to learn all about the nihilists. The young lady was walking through the streets of St. Petersburg with her brother. They found much in the city to amuse and interest them. The subject of nihilism was, however, uppermost in their minds, and whenever they passed a frowsy beggar or oddly dressed student they immediately in a joking way set him down for a nihilist.

"Before I leave the city," said the young lady, "I intend to investigate the subject of nihilism thoroughly. I don't believe there are many of them, anyhow, except in novels and on the As the two continued their walk

they espied in a shop window the sign familiar to all Continental travellers— "English spoken."
They entered. The young lady inquired for the interpreter, and the pro-prietor himself stepped forward. He was a Russian, and in excellent English asked in what manner he might

erve mademoiselle.

"I am from America," replied the young lady. "I want to learn all I possibly can about the nihilists. Perhaps you are one? Won't you tell me all about them, please?" At the word "nihilist" consternation seized the Russian. The color left his face and he gasped, "You are ignorant. Don't speak, don't even think of that

word while in Russia. You may be a spy, I don't know, but I must ask you to leave my shop."

The genuine fear of the man com municated itself to the young lady and her brother. They left the store hur-riedly, nor did they prosecute their in-quiry for knowledge of the nihilists while they remained in St. Petersburg. "To think," the girl said in narrating the experience to the ship's company of the Normandie, while return-

ing home; 'only to think of being taken for a spy! Wasn't it dramatie? So like Sardou."
"Yes, indeed," said one of her auditors, an American resident of Paris, it was dramatic, and but for the fact that the Russian evidently understood American customs it might have been tragic. He probably knew you were not a spy. He said that to frighten you. He asked you to leave his store for his own preservation. Had he acted differently you might have inquired further and the result might have been

a long sojourn in Siberia." Baron Hirsch's Gift.

Committees, which include government delegates, have been appointed at Lemberg, Cracow, Czernowitz, and in other localities, to superintend the use of Baron Hirsch's gift of \$2,500,000 for educating the indigent Jews of Austria. It will be called "Baron Hirsch's bounty for the property of the p Hirsch's bounty for the propagation of popular education and the promo-tion of trade and agriculture among the Jewish population of the kingdom of Galicia, the Grand Duchy of Cracow, and the Duchy of Buwkoina.' The Hirsch schools will also be open to Christian children, to whom Christian religious instruction will be im parted.

One of 'Em.

She-So you are from Oklahoma, Mr. Jenkins? Then the music of the sea will have all the charms of novelty for you; you never heard the booming of the breakers at Oklahoma. He (sadly) - Quite true, Miss Simp-kins; but I assure you I heard more than I cared to of the breaking of the boomers-I was one of 'em.- West

Gifts for Invalids.

A very small thing of beauty that will be a pleasant sight for an invalid's eyes while it lasts is a carrot or sweet potato hollowed out on the inside to leave a wall about three-quarters of an inch thick. The vegetable is suspend-ed by cords passed through holes pierced in the sides, and the cavity filled with water. In a few days upturning sprays of green will sprout from the bottom and cover the outside, and if a small bunch of violets is

put in the little quaint hanging basket, it will have a charming appearance.

A pretty little thing to leave on a sick friend's table is a plant saucer, with three pine cones standing upright in the center. The arrangement of sticks or hair pins, by which you com-pel them to assume and maintain an erect position, may be concealed by a mat of real moss. There should also be a layer of sand in the bottom of the dish. Grain or grass seed should be scattered over the cones, and if the saucer is kept full of water the seeds will sprout and show a beautiful tender green, in fine contrast to the rich

brown of the cones. It is such a pleasure to watch green things growing that either of these simple gifts is an aid to pass the weary hours. Even a finger-bowl with a thin layer of cotton sprinkled with flaxseed, which grows and lives for a while on such nourishment as it drains from the water beneath, is a cheerful, pretty

decoration for a sick-room. For a friend who is too feeble to sit at desk or table to write, it would be a pleasant task to fit up a writing tablet which can be used when one is in a re-clining position, and which offers facilities for storing writing imple-ments, notes, and the other etesteras that an invalid dislikes to be always asking other people to procure for he

The foundation is a seasoned pine board twenty-five inches long by twenty-one broad. This is covered with felt, which upon three sides hangs over the edge, and is supplied with flat pockets to hold letters. The front to each pocket is cut into a point, which buttons down to protect the contents. Across each end of the board are straps and little superimposed flat pockets to hold pens, pencils, stamps, cards, and envelopes. Of course these conveniences must not invade the space needed for writing. A eather-covered traveller's inkstand, with a spring in the cover to prevent the spilling of ink, can be firmly glued on one upper corner, and a pen tray and stamp box on the other corner. A row of brass-headed nails should be put all around the edge of the board, and the straps and pockets can be fastened on with smaller brass nails. The valances with the buttoned-down pockets, can be folded over the top when the writing board is not in use. -Harper's Bazar.

Women's Superior Courage.

"Most people think that men are more courageous than women," Dr. S. D. Black, of New York, the dentist knows that this is not true. As a rule a man will groan and swear when the dentist tries to fill his teeth squirming, gripping the arms of the chair and making a big row about it. And the heavier the man the bigger coward he is. I've see a strapping big athlete sit down to have a tooth pulled laughed a little. Then we four played whist for a while. When I finally re- and almost faint while I was looking at it. On the other hand, a light, little bit of a woman will calmly close her eyes, lean her head back in the chair and submit to tortures that would make the Sphynx swoon into in-sensibility. No, sir; a woman can stand a dozen times the pain that a

A Necessary Formality.

The Judge-'Officer Grady, please

arrest Lawyer Case's attention Grady- Yes, sor, av you'll please make out th' warrant."-Spare Mo-Eastlake's Smart Baby. "Let me tell you the latest cute thing my baby said." exclaimed Eastlake to

Squildig, as they met on the street yesterday afternoon, says the Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph. "Sorry," replied Squildig, who is the father of six children of assorted ages, "but the fact is I've a train to catch, and only a few minutes to catch it in." "Oh, it won't take a minute," sisted Eastlake, "and it's really the best Clocks, Clocks.

thing she's ever got off, and she's awfully smart, too, for a baby only two and a half years old."
"Go ahead, then," said Squildig, resignedly, as he looked at his watch. 'It happened a week or two ago. You see, her mamma left her just a minute to do some little thing and when she came back baby wasn't there. Mrs. Eastlake found her on the porch in her stocking feet and fairly soaked, for it was raining hard. Her mamma grabbed her up and said very severely: "Frances, if you had a little girl who went out in the rain and got stockings wringing wet, what would you do? And what do you suppose the smart little thing replied?" "Dunno. What?" asked Squildig.

with little apparent interest. "She said, 'Put dry tottuns on her, mamma.' Wasn't that real cute?"
"Yes," replied Squildig, with a sigh.
And looking at his watch again he

started for the station on a trot.

A Wise Neighbor. Small Boy-"Mamma, may I go skating on the lake?" Fond Mamma-"No; dear. You are

too careless with your precious little

"O, I'll come back safe. Just ask our

new neighbor. He'll tell you you needn't be afraid on my account," "Well, I declare! What does he know about it?"
I don't know; but he said only yester

day, I wasn't born to be drowned."-

Power of a Shaman. The implicit reliance placed upon the word of a shaman and his influence over a fellow-tribesman may be illustrated with this anecdote. A Sioux Indian who had lost a relative by death vowed to kill the first living thing he met. This was once not an uncommon practice among our Indians.

Issuing from his lodge, he chanced to meet a missionary—a man much beloved by all, from whom this Indian had received many favors. Unwilling, but bound by his vow, he shot his ben-efactor as he passed. Indian usage did not sanction a bloody retribution on the murderer, since the obligation of his vow was recognized by all. The shaman, however, upbraided

well man at the time, was seized by a wasting disease and actually did die within the specified time, a victim of his own superstitious imagination .-Youth's Companion.

Floored by a Latin Phrase. It will probably shock those dear

old fellows, the Latin professors of the various American colleges, to learn that "Nunquam animus sed ignis via" floored all the college graduates in the house of representatives at Washing-ton recently. Even the reporters, who generally know more of such matters than the congressmen, gave it up, and some of them were a little ashamed, being not long from academic halls. Congressman Wilson of West Virginia, who is supposed to have been a college Telephones are now used on board of men-of-war.

Miss Hartly—"Very, very sweet indeed! is it your own arrangement?"
The Professor—"Well—largely. I scored the pedaling."—Harper's Bazar.

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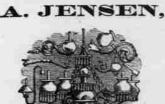
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